

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Emperesse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Deme. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lavinia's thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chi. *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To atchieue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue we know:

Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcanus* badge.

Aron. -I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberality: (court it
What hast not thou full often stricke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were serued.

Deme. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee; and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends; & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lavinia*'s Treasurie.

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smell of no cowardise.

Deme. *Sylus* and *refus*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per *Stigma* per *manes* Vehor.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noise
with hounds and hornes, and Arcus.*

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may echo with the noyse,
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winds Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winds hornes in a peale, then
*Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.

I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lavi. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots leaue haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chale,
And clime the highest P omontary top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. *Chiron*

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*
Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly esteed, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their vnest,
That haue their Almshouses out of the Emperesse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quier with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aaron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd,
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurfes Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madam,
Though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My flecke of Woolly haire, that now vneyles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrwle
To do some farall execution?
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora*, the Emperesse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this farall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which breeds not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great Emperesse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bassi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Emperesse,

Vnfurnisht of our well be-
Or is it *Dian* habited like
Who hath abandoned her
To see the generall Hunting?

Tamo. Sawcie controu-
Had I the power, that som-
Thy Temples should be pl-
With Hornes, as was *Alte*-
Should driue vpon his new
Vnmannerly Intruder as th-

Lavi. Vnder your patie-
'Tis thought you haue a go-
And to be doubted, that ye
Are singled forth to try exp-
Ione should your husband fi-
Tis pity they should take

Bassi. Belceue me *Quee*-
Doth make your Honour o-
Spotted, detested, and abho-
Why are you sequestred fr-
Discounted from your Sici-
And wandred hither to ad-
Accompanied with a barbar-
If foule desire had not don-

Lavi. And being intef-
Great reason that my Nobl-
For Saucinesse, I pray you
And let her ioy her Rauca-
This valley fits the purpose

Bassi. The King my Br-
Lavi. I, for these slips h-

Good King, to be so might-
Tamora. Why I haue p-

Enter Chiron

Deme. How now deere S-
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes lo-

Tamo. Haue I not reaso-
These two haue tie'd me hi-
A barren, detested vale you
The Trees though Sommer-

Ore-come with Mofse, and
Heere neuer shines the Sun-
Vnto the nightly Owle,
And when they shew'd me

They told me heere at dead-
A thousand Fiends, a thous-
Ten thousand swelling To-
Would make such fearefull

As any mortall body hearin-
Should strait fall mad, or el-
No sooner had they told th-
But strait they told me they

Vnto the body of a dismall
And leaue me to this misera-
And then they call'd me for
Lasciuious Goth, and all th-

That euer eare did heare to
And had you not by wond-
This vengeance on me had
Reuenge it, as you loue you

Or be yet henceforth ca-
Deme. This is a witness

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to shew my ft-

Lavi. I come *Sermetam*